Innocence Unveil'd:

OR,

A POEM

On the Acquittal of the

Lord Chief Justice Scroggs.

26. Jan. 1680/79. Ag^t Oates & Bedlow

Right Honourable,

IMperious *Bedlow*, and his *Oaten* Friend,
Will now begin to buckle, or to bend:
Now I do plainly see that they are Fools,
They find it dang'rous meddling with Edge-Tools.
Justice is sharp when it's too much abus'd;
Justice unjustly lately was accus'd:
And now what follows? Scourges of the Law,
To keep such bold-fac'd Fellows all in awe.
Your Innocence (unless I miss my mark)
Will make their Evidence look dull and dark.
Had they but found you Guilty, I dare swing
If they had let alone our Gracious King.
Their Heads were very high, their Hearts too stout,
Now give their Pride and Confidence a rout.
The *House of Commons* is there All in All,
And while They stand, the Coxcombs cannot fall.
This is their strong conceit; they do not fear:
But ev'ry man that has an ear to hear,
Shall shortly hear that they have spoil'd their sport
By nothing more, than by this false Report.
Those Scriblers *Harris*, *Smith*, and *Care*, will quake,
For their Foundation doth begin to shake:
The first and second Saviour both look pale,
To see their Gall and Malice doth so fail:

The Rubbish is remov'd, Knaves must fly hence,
For who can ſtand againſt your Innocence!
The *Chief* in *Juſtice* ſhines in's proper place,
Whilſt Envy lies obſcur'd with great diſgrace.
Plot on, thou puny Levite, but beware
(Both Thou, the Captain, *Harris*, *Smith* and *Care*,)
Of him you aim'd to catch within your Snare.
His great Integrity is fully known,
And well approv'd by him that wears the Crown;
Is't a light thing to tread our *Juſtice* down?
Might *Juſtice* once be trodden under feet,
Then ev'ry Knave would ſtrive for *CHARLES* his Seat:
Juſtice is not ſo weak as you ſuppoſe;
Your *Smith* may ſooner take the Devil by th' Noſe,
Than think his Libels, or your Oaths can taint
That that's the Badge of ev'ry Earthly Saint.
Injuſtice is your Juſtice, I'me afraid,
But yet by *juſtice* you ſhall all be paid:
You have had Rope enough, too much, I doubt,
Indeed I wonder that your Necks are out:
You are not Hang'd, but choak'd up in your Throats;
Now who'l believe the Rev'rend Dr. *Oates*,
Or the Heroick Captain? *Commons* may
Not when they find your Truth is gone aſtray:
My *Lord Chief Juſtice* Story will be told,
And 'twill appear that you have been too bold,
And *Truth* and *Juſtice* both at once you've ſold.

FINIS.